

The Newberry Herald and News.

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EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS

From the State Press on the Work of the Farmers' Convention.

It started out to reduce taxes and remedy existing evils in legislation. To this extent we were with those favoring the Convention, because we know that there has been too much extravagance in the legislation and administration of our government. But when the convention met, instead of keeping to the line of its professions it has mapped out new legislation such as an agricultural college and a constitutional convention which will add from two to \$300,000 to the taxes of the State and which means an addition of about two mills on the taxable property of the State. It will be claimed that the Conventionists propose to retrench a sufficient amount to balance the expenditures for an agricultural college and constitutional convention. This is impossible without a total uprooting of the present system of our State government. But suppose they were to make the two balances, where is the reduction of taxes, which the farmers are clamoring for?

No feature in the proceedings of this most remarkable gathering is so prominent as the complete mastery Mr. Tillman exercised over its action.

Nothing we have observed in South Carolina politics has smacked so much of the "bossism."—*See Dec. Index May 5th.*

But the farmers are to blame for many of the ills of which they complain. It is not that the land is not fertile, that the labor is not good, that the planting is not profitable. The average farmer in South Carolina does not consider himself set up in business unless he is provided with a horse, a gun and a stump-tail dog. Many demand a pack of egg-sucking, sheep-killing hounds. Then they must be able to meet at the cross-road store or tavern, gable as to what they think they know about politics, curse the Governor and State officials, and adjourn to the farm to find that the "d-d niggers" have not been working. The end of the year comes, and the "d-d lien law" takes whatever they can't spirit away on the underground railroad, and the "d-d lawyers" are employed to foreclose their mortgages, so that it is one "d-d bother" from the time they sow the seed until it is time to pay up. We do not wonder they are down upon the "d-d lien law" and the "d-d lawyers" and the "d-d niggers."—*Palmatier Post, May 5th.*

The only part of the proceedings of the late farmers' convention that had a fishy smell, and looked as if there were politics in it, was their determination to go home and organize Tillman clubs. Now they did not mention whether they were to be G. D. R. Tillman clubs for the benefit of G. D. R. Tillman or B. R. Tillman clubs for the benefit of George. Let's hear what they are to be, so people will know who and what they are working for, for we suppose there will be such a rush that things will get horribly mixed.—*Palmatier Post, May 5th.*

The cut and dried programme, moderated, perhaps, by the frequent caucuses, was carried through under the whip of the majority and the gag law, limiting speeches to five minutes, destroyed all opportunity for any effective opposition. And the action of the convention, proposing such radical changes in the spirit and policy of our government, was consummated in less than thirty hours! Can the convention then expect the people of the State to accept the results of its revival services as the deliberate conclusions of men who have studied affairs and selected the best treatment that human judgment can discover for the ills of the body politic? Will it be less than criminal to accept the crude theories of two hundred and seventy-five men rather than to be sure to be right before going ahead? As in spiritual so in temporal life there is a limit beyond which repentance and reform are impossible.—*Burnell People.*

It has never been our pleasure to look upon a body of men who seemed more determined to make some advancement in their callings and professions. Whatever may have been the motives which prompted the agricultural "Moses" in the present movement, one thing is sure, and that is that there are men in the convention who will not be ruled by any political demagogue, or take part in any action which would tend to a disruption of State democracy.

By far the most important resolution adopted by the committee, and one which effects every individual taxpayer of the State, was one providing for a more equitable equalization of the assessments in all the counties in the State. Under the present system in some counties property is assessed far above its real market value and far above what it should be, while in other counties property is assessed too low. This question has been agitated by the press of the State for some time, and all classes will join heartily in the effort to remedy the inequalities.—*Windsboro News and Herald.*

Mr. Pulitzer's Prodigy.

Three years ago Mr. Joseph Pulitzer announced to the weary readers of the New York World that from that bright May morning the paper would be under different management. "Different in men, measures and methods—different in purpose, objects and interests—different in sympathies and convictions—different in head and heart." He declared that there was room in New York for a journal that was not only cheap but bright, not only bright but large, not only large but truly Democratic—dedicated to the cause of the people rather than that of puppet-potencies—devoted more to the news of the New than of the Old World—that would expose all fraud and sham, fight all public evils and

for the people with earnest sincerity. The World has been run on a high pressure ever since. It has been sensational—at times startling. It has discarded the dignity, if also the dryness, of Wm. Henry Hurlbut's World; it has flowered into illustrations—its best columns becoming picture galleries. Candor compels us to say that the World is not the highest style of paper in New York—but it has rapidly become one of the most popular. It is tireless in gathering news and "regardless" in publishing it.

Mr. Pulitzer shows up in print what he has done. In the month of May, 1883, The World printed a grand total of 917,043 copies. For the month of April 1886, The World printed 3,498,094 copies. In the twelve months ending May 1, 1883, The World printed 87,148 advertisements. In the twelve months ending May 1, 1886, The World printed 450,694 advertisements. For the week ending May 8, 1883, the total circulation of The World was 160,170 copies. For the week ending May 8, 1886, the total circulation of The World was 1,314,332 copies. The amount paid for the white paper on which The World is printed, for the first three months of 1886, was \$130,955.70.

It shows a vigorous and a versatile method and has proven an honest, if a boyden, member of staid old Printing House Square. We cannot help but wish the new World well.—*Augusta Chronicle, May 11th.*

Primary Elections.

The papers are again agitating the matter of nominating candidates for Congress by primary elections. It is certain that the present mode of nominating by conventions is by no means acceptable to the people, notwithstanding the fact that the results, as seen in our present members of Congress, are not altogether unsatisfactory. The principle underlying the primary system is certainly the correct one. The difficulty lies in its application to the choice of candidates for Congress. To go no further, if the plurality plan be followed, the chances are that the most populous country will choose the Congressmen; while, under the majority plan, a second primary would be necessary, at much inconvenience to the voters. In that event, too, the choice would lie between the favorites of the two most populous counties. A good middle ground will be found in the further enlargement of representation in the nominating conventions, and in the exercise of more care in selecting delegates.

MORE OF MR. MITCHELL.

What he is going to do with His Red Lines Now.

The Evening News ran up against the busiest railroad man in town, and accosted Col. R. M. Mitchell this morning, as follows:
"Well, Mr. President, what about the Carolina Red Lines?"
"The survey of the Newberry Red Line," replied President Mitchell, "is progressing quite satisfactorily. A preliminary line has been run by Chief Engineer Barksdale and his corps to Sweetwater church, about ten miles from the city, and this morning the engineer corps is engaged in locating the roadbed preparatory to commencing the grading. We are particularly delighted with having found a way over the Hamburg Hills with a ninety feet grade."

"You will begin grading very soon then?"
"Yes; perhaps in a day or two, and the track laying will follow closely. We are now advertising for two hundred railroad laborers. Captain Barksdale estimates that the grading from Hamburg to Sweetwater will not cost exceeding \$500 per mile, which is much cheaper than I ever supposed the work could be done. He is the great pathfinder, however."

"How long will the main line be?"
"Say 70 miles to Newberry, and yesterday I had a letter from the chairman of a committee representing township No. 4 of Newberry County offering aid to bring the road toward Union C. H. When we receive a definite proposition from Union County, which we anticipate soon, the Newberry road will be extended through Union and perhaps York Counties, and into North Carolina. Thus the main road will probably be over 150 miles long, penetrating the best counties of South Carolina. With its branches all in operation, this road should bring to Augusta 150,000 bales of cotton annually."

"How are the assessments being paid?"
"Very nicely. But you know we have private subscriptions only in Augusta and Edgefield County. The balance of the road will be built by township, city or county subscriptions."
"Yes, we will build it. Never fear that, and when you hear any one say we will not, put him down as a prejudiced individual or a fool!"
"Other parties are proposing to construct a narrow gauge from Johnston to Augusta—are they not?"
"I have heard there was some such scheme afoot. The Augusta and Newberry authorities have nothing to do with it, however. We will build on our own line, and gladly welcome any other narrow gauge which has Augusta as its terminus, because feeders, come whence they may, will do great good commercially."

"Where will you cross the Savannah river?"
"That has not been fully decided. We are considering three or four points—over the S. C. railway or C. & A. bridge, or the building of an independent bridge by the Sandersville railway. I believe, however, that most of the directors prefer crossing in the upper part of the city."

"You will build rapidly?"
"Yes; you can say that the Red Line directory have their road assured, and not only assured, but that it will be rapidly built. But you will pardon me now."—*Augusta News.*

Abbeville in favor of the Primary for Nominating a Congressman.

The following resolutions were passed by the Abbeville County Democratic Convention.
Whereas, The nominations by the Democratic party are equivalent to an election, and whereas our State Senator, Representatives and county officers are nominated by primary elections, and whereas every Democrat should have a right to participate directly in the choice of all representatives both State and National, and whereas the convention plan of nominating candidates for Congress prevents this direct participation by the whole people.
Resolved, That we adopt the primary election as our mode of nominating the candidates for Congress in the Third Congressional District.
Resolved, That our President be instructed to correspond with the Presidents of the Democratic Clubs in the different counties composing the Third Congressional District notifying them of our action and soliciting the co-operation of their counties in the plan.

BACON AND GORDON.

The Rival Candidates for Governor of Georgia Begin Their Campaigns.

AUGUSTA, GA., May 12.—The gubernatorial campaign has opened in Georgia. The Hon. A. O. Bacon, of Bibb County, and Gen. Jno. B. Gordon, of De Kalb County, are prominent candidates and are stumping the State for nomination by the Democratic Convention, which will probably meet in July. The campaign promises to be spirited and heated, as both candidates have a large following. Major Bacon has been prominent in State politics, having been Speaker of the House of Representatives for several terms. Gen. Gordon has a national reputation.

Don't Undervalue the Boys

The following sound reasoning we find in the American Agriculturist. It would be a benefit to both fathers and their sons if its precepts were more often regarded.

Too many men make their boys feel that they are of little or no account while they are boys. Lay a responsibility on a boy, and he will meet it in a manful spirit. On no account ignore their disposition to investigate. Help them to understand things. Encourage them to know what they are about. We are too apt to treat a boy's seeking after knowledge as mere idle curiosity. "Don't ask questions" is poor advice to boys. If you do not explain puzzling things to them, you oblige them to make many experiments they find out; and though experimental knowledge is best in one sense, in another it is not, for that which can be explained clearly does not need experimenting with. If the principle involved is understood, there is no further trouble, and the boy can go ahead intelligently.

Do not wait for the boy to grow up before you begin to treat him as an equal. A proper amount of confidence, and words of encouragement and advice, and giving him to understand that you trust him in many ways, helps to make a man of him long before he is a man in either stature or years.

The Boston Journal of Commerce also makes a good suggestion to parents apropos to the above. Give him tools, says the writer, and let him find out for himself whether he has got any mechanical taste or not. Do not discourage him, as parents are apt to do, by saying: "Oh, it is no use for you to try to do anything with tools. I never had any taste that way, and of course you have not." If a boy finds he can make a few articles with his hand, it tends to make him rely on himself. And the planning that is necessary for the execution of the work is a discipline and an education of great value to him. The future welfare and happiness of the boy depends on the surroundings of his youth. When he arrives at that period in his life when he is obliged to choose what profession or what line of business to follow, it is highly important that he should take no false step. And if in his youth he has cultivated a taste for any particular branch, the choice of a profession or business will be made more easy.

The Duke Factory.

Mr. B. R. Tillman's allusion to the Citadel Academy as a "duke factory" is perhaps funny and smart, but it is altogether unsupported by facts, of which so wise a man as he ought not to be ignorant. The old-berlin graduates of the State Military Academy made good citizens and good soldiers. They were by no means "dudes," and Mr. B. R. Tillman, in his wisdom, ought to know it. No class has yet graduated from the Citadel as reorganized, and hence it is impossible to say whether the outcome shall consist of "dudes" or not. Even Mr. Tillman can't decide that matter as yet. But this much may be said—that the Citadel Academy is now a more thorough, practical and efficient school than it has been at any previous time in its history.

We are among those who have doubts of the necessity for the Citadel as a part of our public school system. We rather incline to think that were the money spent upon it devoted to the South Carolina College, and the scholarships in the Citadel transferred to the College, more good might follow. But the Citadel is here. It is doing a good work. It is therefore best to give it a chance to carry on that work at least for a time longer. It is certainly unjust, as well as childish, to undertake to bring the institution into ridicule by calling it a "duke factory."—*Windsboro News and Herald, May 12th.*

VICE IN BRUSSELS.

Shocking Picture of the Degradation of the Belgian Capital.

Go from the cafes to the hotels. The proprietors will wait and fawn upon you—if you be well dressed and have a few diamond rings on your fingers—just as his parisan conferees. Here you will find those private rooms—or, as they call them, cabarets particuliers—that are, by the by, mere imitations of the class at the Palais Royal in Paris, where gallants eat and drink tete-a-tete with the fashionable female tatterdemalions of the city, and where married women forget their nuptial vows in the arms of dandified dandies. On the streets after nightfall we meet with the same disgusting sights so common at the same hour on the boulevards and Faubourg Montmartre of Paris—the rough and powdered battalions of smirking vice, flaunting its gaudy dresses and staring you modestly out of countenance. Stroll into by-lanes and into alleys, where you will not need very much discrimination to see that Brussels even exceeds Paris, proportionally speaking, in the number of its dens of corruption tolerated by the statute book and patronized by many who have something to do with the manufacture of statutes; dens where British, Irish, French and American girls cater to the brutal tastes and proclivities of scoundrels of every class and of all nationalities. Go into society, frequent fashionable tea parties, dance at fashionable balls, and eat and drink at midnight suppers, and what do you find except that strange sameness of habits and ideas so prevalent in the city by the Seine—the same fashionable diet, if not openly expressed, at least secretly implied and acted on, that a married dame who does not afford herself the luxury of a paramour is the wretchedest of sotts; the same prudent, practical philosophy that tries respectfully brought up girls to their mamma's apron-strings till the nuptial day—a philosophy which makes the mixtures hypocrites before marriage and God knows what after it; the same simpering civilities exchanged between men and men or women and women who have no more regard for each other than an Irish dynamiter has or is supposed to have for the hide of the average Saxon. Over the tea-cup the same scandal is bandied about as in Paris. Mme. A. wore, it seems, the same dress three times consecutively at her box in the theatre. M. B. is proud of the youngsters. B. never dreaming, poor soul! that they are not his own. Mme. C. is stupid enough to love her husband, although the fellow lavishes thousands of francs monthly on one of the actresses of La Monnaie, &c.

So from the teatable to the political caucus club, and there you will find the same political profligacy running riot. Here as there Deputies are secretly paid thousands and thousands of francs for allowing their names to appear on the directing company in the prospectuses of financial speculations. Here as there the Deputy's or Senator's pockets are lined with gold for begging ministerial favors. Here as there political big-wigs carry on the same petty intrigues, the same double-faced chicanery, the same double-dyed hypocrisy. Where public positions are got by bribery politics becomes a trade, and political traders (or tricksters) are as proportionately numerous in Brussels as they are in Paris.—*Brussels Letter to Chicago Times.*

The End of Grant's Story.

The second volume of General Grant's autobiography is out. It takes up the thread of the story where it was dropped by the first volume and contains much that will interest readers on this side as well as on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line. The first five chapters are a reprint of the author's article in the Century of November, 1885, for which there were originally written, but there is the following interpolation of an account of a personal inspection of the picket lines of his own army and of the Confederate army as well:

"As I would be under short-range fire and in an open country I took nobody with me except, I believe, a bugler, who staid some distance to the rear. I rode from our right around to our left. When I came to the camp of the picket guard of our side I heard the call, 'Turn out the guard for the commanding General.' I replied, 'Never mind the guard,' and they were dismissed and went back to their tents. Just back of

these, and about equally distant from the creek, were the guards of the Confederate pickets. The sentinels on their posts called out in like manner, 'Turn out the guard for the commanding General' and, I believe, added, 'General Grant.' Their line in a moment fronted to the North, facing me, and gave a salute, which I returned.

"The most friendly relations seemed to exist between the pickets of the two armies. At one place there was a tree which had fallen across the stream, and which was used by the soldiers in both armies in drawing water for their camp. General Longstreet's corps was stationed there at the time, and wore blue of a little different shade from our uniform. Seeing a soldier in blue on this log, I rode up to him, commenced conversing with him, and asked him whose corps he belonged to. He was very polite, and, touching his hat to me, said he belonged to General Longstreet's corps. I asked him a few questions—but not with a view of gaining any particular information—all of which he answered, and I rode off."

This is a very pleasing picture of the friendly relations that are well known to have existed between the pickets of the two armies of brothers, and corroborates the many stories of the same sort that veterans delight to tell.

Touching the final scenes at Appomattox, he says there is no basis whatever for "the story of the famous apple tree," and that "much-talked-of surrendering of Lee's sword, and my handing it back is the purest nonsense." "I never spoke to General Lee about private property or side-arms, and when I put my pen to the paper I did not know the first word I should make use of. He had on a soldier's blouse, with straps of his rank, but no sword, and 'must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high, and of faultless form."

Let the Colored People Alone.

Among the many schemes that have been devised to employ the United States treasury, objectionable as they mostly are, none has yet been presented so obnoxious as that noted in our special dispatches from Washington, the purpose being to facilitate the emigration of colored people from this country to "rica."

After twenty years of failure, the North has ceased trying to regulate the relations of the races to each other in the South, even John Sherman admitting that the South must work out her own salvation and that the South can no more be ruled by the North than Ireland by England. The race problem at the South is finding its own solution, and the relations of the two races to each other are rapidly adjusting themselves according to the laws of nature. Freed from the interference of political and social charlatans the whites have easy control of the Southern States, and the colored people, following the lead of the superior race, are improving in intelligence, industry and thrift, and are acquiring, according to their ability, the elements of enlightened civilization.

The chief factor, however in this adjustment of the differences between whites and blacks is the conviction that they are and must continue to be dwellers in the same land, sharers of a common fate—that the prosperity or adversity of the community must alike affect both races, and that their interests, while to a certain extent distinct, are nevertheless interdependent. This scheme of colonization, if adopted, would change the whole aspect of affairs. It would knock the base from under the fabric of the new South, which has been erected with so much cost and pains, and which, though yet incomplete, already begins to vie in strength and splendor with that old South, whose grand arches and castellated walls were shattered by the dynamite of modern progress. This scheme would teach the colored man to look upon America as an Egypt, and on Africa as the Promised Land. It would fill the race with a spirit of restless fatal to progress and prosperity. It would be as dangerous to content at the South as divorce laws are to matrimonial felicity. Now black and white are together for better or for worse, and they are very sensibly making the best of it. Hold on the hope of separation, and the motives of mutual forbearance are gone. The result would be another social revolution in the South. The twenty years that have been spent in accommodating ourselves to free colored labor would be wasted, and another score of years be spent in adopting our society to white labor.

No, gentlemen of Congress! Leave the south to work out its own salvation. Do not offer bribes to any part of our population to move away. The scheme can work no good to anybody but the Colonization Society. That would become a great and powerful organization, its directors would grow rich, and its offices would afford many fat places to needy Northern adventurers. But the South would be unsettled, and of the poor negroes 99 in every 100 who should be enticed from their homes would perish in the unequal struggle with the difficulties and dangers of unaccustomed surroundings.—*News and Courier May 13th.*

The Girl We All Like.

"The plainest girl I ever saw was the favorite in my native town. Everybody liked her. Beautiful? O no, she is not beautiful—that is, outside, but inside she is an angel. No, body thinks of calling her beautiful. No one of a dozen can tell whether her eyes are black or blue. If you should ask them to describe her they would only say: She is just right, and there it would end. She is a merry-hearted, fun loving, bewitching maiden, without a spark of envy or malice in her whole composition. She enjoys herself and wants every body else to do the same. She has always a kind word and a pleasant smile for the oldest man or woman; in fact, I can think of nothing she resembles more than a sunbeam, which brightens everything it comes in contact with. All pay her marked attention from rich Mr. Watts, who lives in a mansion on the hill, to negro Sam, the Sweep. All look after her with an admiring eye and say to themselves: 'She is just the right sort of a girl.' The young men of the town vie with one another as to who shall show her the most attention but she never encourages them beyond being simply kind and jolly, so no one can call her a flirt; no, indeed, the young men all deny such an asserstion as quickly as they can."

"Do girls love her, too?" I asked.
"Yes, wonderful to relate, girls like her too; for she never delights in hurting their feelings or saying spiteful things behind their backs. She is always willing to join in their little plans and to assist them in any way. They go to her with their love affairs, and she manages adroitly to see Willie or Peter and drop a good word for Ida or Jennie until their little difficulties are all patched up and every thing goes on smoothly again, thanks to her. Old ladies say she is 'delightful.' The sly witch, she knows how to manage them. She listens patiently to complaints of rheumatism or neuralgia, and then sympathizes with them so heartily that they are more than half cured."—*Eli Perkins.*

Fix the Responsibility.

While the limited time allowed him for the consideration of the mass of special pension bills sent to him by the present Congress has not permitted President Cleveland to pass judgment upon them in detail and to disapprove those which appear to him to be without sufficient warrant for enactment, he has found sufficient grounds, in the course of even a hasty examination, to withhold his approval of two-thirds of the entire number. One hundred and fifty-nine of the two hundred and forty bills will therefore become laws without the sanction of the President, who has very properly placed the responsibility for their passage where it belongs, at the doors of Congress.

The President's analysis of this mass of loose legislation, which adds to the burdens of the tax-payers the sum of \$35,000 annually, reflects deserved discredit upon the methods of the people's representatives in dealing with this class of claims, and is well calculated to direct the public attention to the manner in which the public funds are misappropriated under the pressure of purely political considerations. The President is convinced and with abundant reason, that interposition by special enactment should be "rare and exceptional" whereas it bids fair, because of the complaisance or timidity of Congressmen, to become the rule. An expensive bureau, fully equipped for the examination of pension claims, has been organized by Congress for this duty, and though certainly no reason exists for charging that bureau with illiberality to claimants heretofore, in view of the length of the established pension roll, scores of claims are passed by Congress which could not survive the tests of the pension bureau, and some of which have never been submitted to that bureau, their success being largely

due, as the President states, to misdirected sympathy rather than to right and justice.

President Cleveland has acted with his usual good sense and directness in refusing to accept any share of the responsibility for the unwise legislation he has so plainly characterized, and the blame for which he has so clearly fixed. It is not improbable that Congress will be a little more careful in future in dealing with such claims, and any plan of procedure that promises to have the effect of making it more careful is certainly desirable.—*News and Courier May 11.*

Death-Dealing Tornado in Illinois.

CHICAGO, May 12.—Passengers on the Chicago and Alton train, which arrived to-night, had a remarkable experience with a cyclone. At Pontiac, Ill., a storm-cloud was seen gathering in the west and moving in a northeast direction. As the train sped on the storm kept coming nearer every minute and the passengers began to realize that they were being chased by a cyclone. Just as the train pulled into Odell, Ill., the storm struck the town and the air was full of debris. In a moment seven stores and the hotel were unroofed and one large brick building was nearly destroyed. Under the wreck of the structure two children were buried. Telegraph wires in that vicinity are reported down. Specials from Streator and Rockford, Ill., and Peru, Ind., tell of a terrible wind and hail storm at those points. About 5:30 p. m. heavy roaring clouds from the south and east met just over the city of Rockford and daylight was suddenly converted into darkness. A downpour of immense hailstones followed, greatly damaging trees and breaking windows. In the country surrounding Streator rain and hail raged for an hour and a half.

THE TORNADO STRIKES JOLIET.

One of the heaviest storms ever known struck Joliet about 8:30 this evening. A deluge of rain, thunder and hail inundated the earth. The thunderbolts were deafening and electric display unparalleled. A circus show was having a performance here, and in the midst of the performance the storm struck the tent, turning the whole show upside down. A general stampede ensued amid sheets of lightning, drenching rains and resistless gales of wind. Three persons were seriously injured by falling poles. A number were hurt seriously.

A Mighty Uncertain Game.

The Buffalo Courier tells an interesting draw-poker story, and insists that it is true. The game was played in a Buffalo hotel by seven men. One of the players had won \$200 and was about to jump the game when he picked up a hand of four kings and an ace. It was invincible because they were not playing straight flushes. All came in, one of them raising the ante \$10. Mr. Four Kings just chipped along, not wishing to keep anybody out. The others stayed and all drew cards, the man with the kings throwing away his ace and drawing one card rather than spoil his chances of getting bets by standing pat. The man who had made the ten-dollar raise took two cards. Then the betting began. All were driven out except the man with the four kings and the man who had drawn two cards. They whacked back and forth at one another until at length, having exhausted all his chips, and gone sly for many dollars, the man with the kings felt that he had won all he wanted to, and called. To his horror his opponent laid down four aces. The beaten man howled and claimed fraud, for how could the other man have four aces when he himself had one before the draw? The explanation was simple. There being seven players there were not enough cards to go around after the first deal, and so the discards were shuffled up and dealt for the draw. In the draw the man who took two cards was drawing to three aces got the ace which the man with the four kings had discarded, and was thus able to beat his opponent out of his boots. This doesn't happen often. It is a legend in a club in this city that the same thing did happen on a Mississippi steamboat in the good old days, and that a Louisiana planter who held the four kings lost his plantation to the man who then secured the discarded ace.—*N. Y. Sun.*

None is poor but the mean in mind, the timorous, the weak, and unbelieving; none is wealthy but the affluent in soul who is satisfied and groweth over.